



LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN

"Brown," he said, "I want you to go to Birmingham by the two-thirty. Put up at the Crown Hotel, and your instructions will be sent on."

Three weeks later a friend of Brown's happened to call into the Crown Hotel at Birmingham. He saw Brown seated at the table with a big cigar and a cool drink.

"Hello, Jimmy, old man!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing here?" Brown held up a warning forefinger.

"Shh!" he said; and then in a stage whisper: "They've forgotten where I am."

A week later he returned and complained, in fluent bitterness, that for a whole month he had been given no work to do.

Health sharps are now advising a spoonful of clean sand after each meal, to aid digestion. Do they think we've got gizzards in our midst?

THE DIPLOMAT ABROAD

Binks dashed into the little village postoffice just in time to catch the last and only post that left during the day, and, throwing upon the counter the parcel that he was carrying, demanded stamps.

That parcel was addressed to—well, it contained a present for a young lady whose annual holiday had come and gone, and who now was stewing miserably in London.

Binks particularly wanted her to receive the parcel on the following morning; but the girl in the postoffice thought otherwise.

"Can't take that parcel," she said abruptly. "It isn't sealed."

"Then, I wonder, would you seal it for me?" asked Binks.

"No," replied the girl, "that isn't my job."

Binks said nothing. He merely took up a telegraph form, and wrote: "Sorry cannot send package. Very pretty girl in postoffice won't take it because not sealed."

A moment later string and sealing wax were forthcoming, and the parcel went.

MEANT WHAT THEY SAID

"Four quarters will procure you four pairs of socks which can never be worn out." So ran the advertisement which caused Jones, a bachelor, to spend four quarters on a postal-order.

When the socks arrived, Jones surveyed them, horror-stricken.

"Socks received," he wrote to the advertiser. "The patterns are vile. I wouldn't be seen out with them on."

Several days passed, and the wrath of Jones waxed stronger and stronger each time he regarded the startling footgear. Again he wrote to the firm, this time threatening proceedings.

"What are you making such a fuss about?" came the answer. "Didn't we guarantee that you wouldn't wear the socks out?"

Jones is a sadder and wiser man.